

STATE LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA
main,stk 367F914
Proceedings at the ... anniver
v.120 1904 Friendly Sons of St. Patrick



0 0001 00666491 4



120th Annual Dinner.

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

1904.

S

367

F914

v120

1904

S
CLASS 367 BOOK F914

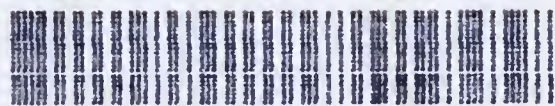
VOLUME 120
1904



PENNSYLVANIA

STATE LIBRARY

*Presented by
Soc. of the Friendly sons of
St. Patrick in the city of N.Y.*



02-50-213 6

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
120TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER
OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE
FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK
IN THE
CITY OF NEW YORK
AT
DELMONICO'S
MARCH SEVENTEENTH, 1904.



Reported and Published by Order of the Society.

1904.

Printed by William P. Mitchell.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from

This project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Office of Commonwealth Libraries

8

...Officers of the...
Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.
In the City of New York.
1904.

PRESIDENT

JAMES FITZGERALD

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

MICHAEL J. DRUMMOND

TREASURER

JOHN D. CRIMMINS

RECORDING SECRETARY

JOHN J. LENEHAN

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

WILLIAM TEMPLE EMMET

ALMONER

FRANCIS HIGGINS

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE

DAVID McCLURE

DANIEL O'DAY

JOHN F. CARROLL

COMMITTEE ON CHARITY

W. BOURKE COCKRAN

SAMUEL SLOAN

EDWARD F. O'DWYER

STEWARDS

FRANCIS C. TRAVERS

ANDREW A. McCORMICK

WILLIAM N. PENNEY

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

EDWARD D. FARRELL

EDMOND J. CURRY

COMMITTEE ON ADMISSIONS

JAMES A. O'GORMAN

DR. CONSTANTINE J. MacGUIRE

JAMES DUNNE

HOWARD CONSTABLE

WILLIAM McADOO

77006

Soc. of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of N.Y.

ANNUAL REPORT

1900

MARCH 17, 1904.

The One Hundred and Twentieth Anniversary Dinner of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of New York, was held at Delmonico's on Thursday evening, March 17, 1904.

At half-past six o'clock the members and their guests began to assemble in the reception rooms and after a general exchange of greetings, proceeded to the banquet hall to the accompaniment of stirring music.

The President, Mr. Justice James Fitzgerald, presided, and four hundred and ninety-eight members and their guests sat down to the enjoyment of the most brilliant feast ever given by men of Irish birth and descent in this great city.

Never was Delmonico's vast banquet hall so resplendent with green flags, golden harps and gleaming lights, all interspersed with the glorious colors of the Union. Beside each plate nodded a silken Irish flag; green candle-shades but faintly hid the lambent glow of ruddy lights beneath, while all the tables smiled with roses.

The ices were green and encased in green and gold pin-cushions. The souvenirs were tall, green vases, packed in green boxes, and attached to each vase was a green, immortal shamrock.

The menus, printed in green on an ivory ground, were bound in white watered-silk, stamped with gold and linked by a true-lover's-knot of emerald ribbon.

High on the northern wall in letters of electric fire blazed the immemorial Celtic greeting, "Céad Mile Fáilte"—A Hundred Thousand Welcomes.

A telegram of congratulation and good wishes was received from our fellow member, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, which appears in its proper place hereafter in the proceedings of the dinner.

Congratulatory telegrams were also received during the evening from the

Hibernian Society of Savannah, Ga.

Hibernian Society of Charleston, S. C.

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Philadelphia, Pa.

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Celtic Club, of Newark, N. J.

DAIS.

Mr. Robert L. Harrison—President, Southern Society
 Mr. George G. De Witt—President, St. Nicholas Society
 Mr. Charles J. Murphy
 Morris Patterson Ferris—Secretary, Sons of the Revolution
 Hon. James A. O’Gorman, Justice of the Supreme Court
 Hon. John F. O’Brien, Secretary of State of the State of New
 York
 Rev. William S. Rainsford, D. D.
 Hon. Edward M. Grout, Comptroller of the City of New York
 Hon. Edward W. Carmack, United States Senator, Tennessee
 Hon. George B. McClellan, Mayor of the City of New York
 Hon. James Fitzgerald, Justice of the Supreme Court,
 President
 Rev. M. F. Fallon, O. M. I.
 Hon. William McAdoo, Police Commissioner
 Patrick J. Hannon, Esq.
 Hon. Charles H. Van Brunt, Presiding Justice, Appellate
 Division, Supreme Court
 Hon. Morgan J. O’Brien, Associate Justice, Appellate Di-
 vision, Supreme Court
 Gen. Edward P. Meany
 Hon. Samuel Sloan
 Mr. David McClure
 Mr. Theodore M. Banta—President, Holland Society
 Mr. Charles C. Burke—Treasurer, New England Society

TABLE A.

Col. Richard Deeves	Patrick H. Whalen
William H Bradley	Joseph Toch
Joseph F Mulqueen	J. Henry Deeves
Dr. Bryan D. Sheedy	Terence A. Koen
Hon. William E Wyatt	Bryan L. Kennelly
Justice Special Sessions	John Cunningham
William E. Ver Planck	Martin J. White
Frank P. Cunnion	B. Brooks
Rev. Francis H. Wall, D. D.	Patrick J. Menahan
Rev. A. F. Roche	Rev. Eugene A. Donnelly
Arthur A. McLean	Rev. John A. Dolan
Henry Loewenthal	Edward Early
Editor, <i>New York Daily News</i>	Theodore Hetzler
Thomas F. Smith	Alexander Stevenson
Clerk, City Court	John C. Faulkner
James J. Duffy	Frank S. Gannon, Jr.
Thomas D. Connors	J. W. Gannon
Thomas P. Kelly	Frank C. A. Lonks
Harry Van Atta	Benjamin T. Rhoads
Frank Thompson	William D. May
J. T. Langan	M. T. Wilbur
John P. O'Brien	George W. Young
A. M. Dederer	C. L. Young
John Byrns	Joseph T. Brady
	Joseph M. O'Brien
John J. Lenehan	

TABLE B.

William G. Davies	William P. Mitchell
Dr. Charlton T. Lewis	William H. Delaney
John V. Donahue	John H. Campbell
Robert T. McGusty	George W. McCluskey
Louis F. Doyle	James M. Motley
Francis L. Minton	Dr. J. P. MacGowan
Stephen Farrelly	Robert Emmet Deyo
Patrick Farrelly	James J. Martin

T. Charles Farrelly
 S. Valentine Farrelly
 James A. Hart
 W. L. Derr
 Austin Finegan
 George O'Reilly
 John P. Keane
 P. Coffey
 James R. Keane
 P. J. Conway
 John A. O'Connor
 Owen J. Brady
 Richard Cole
 James Farnum
 Samuel Adams
 Dr. J. Edwin Dearden

Daniel F. Cohalan
 Thomas F. Keating
 Thomas Morrissy
 Louis Marshall
 Vincent P. Butler
 Thomas Lenane
 Henry B. Wesselman
 Major E. J. O'Shaughnessy
 Theo. L. Herrmann
 Daniel F. Treacy
 John P. Dooly
 Mark W. Brenen
 John O'Connell
 Lawrence Winters
 Walter F. Keenan
 Alfred H. Franklin

John O'Sullivan

TABLE C.

E. T. Campbell
 Dexter Fairchild
 W. W. Atterbury
 Herbert H. Vreeland
 Daniel M. Brady
 J. C. Anderson
 Peter McDonnell
 J. A. C. Johnson
 John J. Hart
 D. J. Carroll
 W. E. Paine
 George R. Sutherland
 Edward Hassett
 Louis E. La Tour
 George E. Best
 John Galvin
 Mitchell L. Erlanger, Sheriff
 of New York County
 Joseph P. Day

Edward Eyre
 Henry Sanderson
 Frank S. Gannon
 Frank Wells
 Richard W. Meade
 Wm. H. Hurst
 Thos. F. McAvoy
 J. Henry Haggerty
 A. C. Tully
 John F. Cowan
 John F. Doherty
 Adrian T. Kiernan
 E. J. Murphy
 Thos. C. O'Sullivan
 F. N. Hoffstot
 Adrian H. Larkin
 Adrian H. Joline
 Frank J. Goodwin
 William E. Burke

Charles N. Taintor	Com'r John T. Oakley
George W. McNulty	John F. Ahearn, Borough
Frederick Holbrook	President
Bernard Naughton	Daniel F. McMahon
Hon. Maurice Featherston,	Charles F. Murphy
State Senator	

Andrew A. McCormick

TABLE D.

Hon. Henry A. Gildersleeve,	George J. Taylor
Justice, Supreme Court	Chester S. Lord,
Arthur T. Sullivan	Editor, <i>New York Sun</i>
Hon. James A. Blanchard,	Edward D. Farrell
Justice, Supreme Court	Augustin Walsh
Hon. John Proctor Clarke,	Hon. David Leventritt,
Justice, Supreme Court	Justice, Supreme Court
Hon. Vernon M. Davis,	John Cotter
Justice, Supreme Court	Warren Leslie
William Temple Emmet	Hon. Francis M. Scott,
William Murray	Justice, Supreme Court
Daniel O'Connell	John J. Quinlan
Edmund G. Sutherland	William B. Sutherland
Hon. Edward W. Hatch,	Thomas Barrett
Associate Justice, Appellate	Nicholas J. Barrett
Division, Supreme Court	J. P. Caddagan
Hon. John M. Davy, Justice,	John B. Stanchfield
Supreme Court	John H. Rogan
Leo Schlessinger	James Kearney
Thomas Byrnes	Hon. John B. Mayo, City
Michael J. Mulqueen	Magistrate
Henry L. Joyce	Edward D. Farrell, Jr.
Hon. Richard H. Mitchell,	Dick S. Ramsay
State Senator	Miles M. O'Brien
Rollin M. Morgan	Randolph Guggenheimer
Dr. James M. Ludden	William Joseph Clarke
Henry A. Brann	John J. Delany, Corporation
Manuel Rionda	Counsel
Hugh Kelly	John J. Delany, Jr
Joseph Rigney	Peter J. McNulty
	Joseph I. C. Clarke

TABLE E.

William H. Porter	Dr. William V. V. Mahon
Vincent P. Travers	Dr. John Aspell
Ruel W. Poor	Dr. Myles J. Tierney
Major John Crane	Eugene A. Philbin
Henry Anderson	W. J. Wilgus
John A. Eckert	John F. O'Rourke
Ambrose F. Travers	Thomas M. Mulry
John H. O'Brien	Nicholas J. Hayes
P. J. Scully, City Clerk	Joseph J. Gleason
M. E. Bannin	Alfred M. Downes
John B. McDonald	James W. Stevenson
William R. Innis	Com'r John McGaw Wood-
George E. Schanck	bury
Dr. Thomas Darlington	John Furey
William George Foster	Michael J. Scanlan
Raymond F. Almirall	Robert W. Hebbard
A. E. Foye	Patrick H. Bird
Patrick Ryan	Rev. B. Henry Ter Woert
John R. Sheehan	Andrew J. Corcoran
William J. McClure	Joseph H. McGuire
Walter J. Drummond	Richard J. Morgan
Arthur J. McClure	Edward J. McGuire
John McClure	Nicholas S. Hill, Jr.
John Slater	D. C. Potter
Myles Tierney	

Michael J. Drummond

TABLE F.

Hon. Rufus B. Cowing,	C. J. Ryan, Jr.
Judge, General Sessions	Hon. John W. Goff, Recorder
Hon. Martin T. McMahon,	Francis W. Pollock
Judge, General Sessions	Hon. Warren W. Foster,
Hon. Joseph E. Newburger,	Judge, General Sessions
Judge, General Sessions	Edward R. Carroll
R. Ross Appleton	Com'r Francis J. Lantry
John F. Carroll	Frank S. Beard
J. Sergeant Cram	Dr. Constantine J. MacGuire
Charles H. Knox	James H. Breslin
Hon. Lewis J. Conlan,	Dr. José M. Ferrer
Justice, City Court	Dr. Joseph D. Bryant

William S. Rodie
 Murray C. Danenbaum
 William R. Jameson
 James Dunne
 A. P. Tannert
 Philip J. Britt
 John Dunne
 Thomas J. Dunn
 George H. Fahrbach
 P. F. McGowan
 John J. Harrington
 Francis E. Hamilton
 John H. Naughton
 Michael F. Hammond
 Edward A. McQuade

John Stewart
 Edward H. Warker
 Joseph Mitchel
 John Williams
 Richard J. Lyons
 John W. Stapleton
 William J. Walsh
 Edward J. Stapleton
 Rev. William J. Stewart
 John Goodwin
 John C. Conway
 Joseph E. Gavin
 Hugh Slevin
 John L. Jordan
 John E. Kelley

TABLE G.

William A. Kane
 Frank J. Breslin
 H. A. Metz
 Edmund L. Mooney
 James J. Phelan
 Edward F. Croker
 M. F. Loughman
 John N. Cordts
 James J. Sweeney
 Charles A. Jackson
 M. J. Quinn
 E. J. Kelly
 Thomas F. Bardon
 Dr. Geo. A. Hull
 John A. Davidson
 William A. Hall
 George J. Gillespie
 Charles L. Guy
 Philip A. Smyth
 Robert J. Hoguet
 Thomas M. McCarthy
 Joseph J. O'Donohue, Jr.
 Henry McAleenan
 H. J. Bruner

David O'Brien
 Peter J. Hickey
 Peter F. Kane
 Matthew A. Kane
 Granville F. Dailey
 James M. Bingham
 John J. Ryan
 Albert E. Merrall
 Harry J. Luce
 Isaac Bell Brennan
 Elliott Lynch
 Edwin Swift
 Richard L. Walsh
 John Whalen
 John H. Judge
 Theodore Connolly
 Robert E. Danvers
 Hon. Joseph F. Daly
 Horace K. Doherty
 Thomas J. O'Donohue
 Hugh O'Donoghue
 P. F. Bruner
 Thomas P. Fitzsimons
 Francis Higgins

TABLE H.

John J. O'Brien	Bartholomew Moynahan
James J. Duffy	Thomas Kirpatrick
Charles J. Farley	Laurence J. Callanan
Julius M. Mayer	Rev. John P. Chidwick
Terence Farley	Thomas E. Rush
John Lou O'Brien	Thomas L. Feitner
Daniel J. Early	John C. Sheehan
Stephen A. Ferguson	Louis Munzinger
John McCullagh	James W. O'Brien
Robert D. Petty	Andrew J. Connick
William J. Robb	Alexander P. W. Kinnan
James W. McCormick	Dr. Francis J. Quinlan
Charles F. Walters	Dr. Joseph Egan
John J. Kennedy	Thomas J. Byrne
Edward O'Reilly	William Schickel
Daniel E. Lynch	John Conley, Sr.
James F. Lynch	Andrew A. Smith
Michael J. Horan	Isaac Ditmars
William H. Lynn	Charles Gulden
Patrick Kiernan	Edward Duffy
Farrell F. O'Dowd	Thomas Murphy
John B. Manning	F. James Reilly
William T. Noonan	William F. Reilly
Rev. John M. O'Leary	Dr. J. F. Curry
John H. McCarty	John McLaughlin
John G. O'Keeffe	Dr. F. L. Tooley
John Rooney	Michael J. Kelly
Edmond J. Curry	

TABLE I.

Frank B. Barrett	Joseph McAleenan
Cornelius E. Byrne	James Smith
Arthur McAleenan	George W. Lembeck
Dr. G. A. Leitner	

TABLE K.

Joseph T. Ryan	William Leary
Arthur Kenedy	Thomas L. Watt
David Bonner	Peter J. Loughlin
J. J. Butler	

TABLE L.

James Curran	Oscar Meyer
James F. O'Keefe	Julius Franke
J. Hollis Wells	Charles A. Geoghegan
George A. Suter	

TABLE M.

Michael Blake	Thomas C. Blake
Thomas Millen	Stephen J. McArdle
Thomas M. Blake	

TABLE N.

Ambrose F. McCabe	Herbert C. Smyth
Henry A. Robinson	Henry M. Peyser
Lyman A. Spalding	Daniel W. Patterson

TABLE O.

Thomas J. Brady	J. F. Maguire
John Guilfoyle	William J. Broderick
William J. Foster	Terence F. Curley
John Slattery	

TABLE P.

Herald	Press
Sun	Irish World
Times	Irish American
Tribune	Gaelic American
World	Weekly Union
American	William N. Penney

TABLE R.

John B. Finn	John Cavanagh
Charles Shongood	H. W. McMann
George M. K. Taylor	Francis C. Travers
Arthur V. Dearborn	

TABLE S.

William F. Clare	William H. Kelly
Thomas Crimmins	John D. Crimmins, Jr.
Albert G. Jennings	B. A. O'Farrell

TABLE T.

Eugene Kelly	Howard Constable
Thomas H. Kelly	Ambrose Kelly

TABLE U.

Charles Dunne	John C. Dempsey
Van Rensselaer Wheeler	John T. Brennan

TOASTS

1. PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS . . . HON. JAMES FITZGERALD

"And doth not a meeting like this make amends?"

—*Thomas Moore.*

2. THE DAY WE CELEBRATE . . . REV. M. F. FALLON, O. M. I.

"What a union of hearts is the love of a mother
When races of men in her name unite!"

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

3. THE CELTIC RACE . . . HON. EDWARD W. CARMACK

"They tell a tale of the ancient race—
Of matchless deeds in danger's face."

—*Michael Tormy.*

4. THE CITY OF NEW YORK . . . HON. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

"A million people—manners free and superb—open voices—
hospitality—the most courageous and friendly young men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters! City of spires and
masts!
City of nested in bays! my city."

—*Walt Whitman.*

5. GAELIC UNITY . . . REV. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD, D. D.

"In fortune and in name we're bound
By stronger links than steel;
And neither can be safe or sound
But in the other's weal."

—*Thomas Davis.*

6. THE UNITED STATES . . . HON. WILLIAM MCADOO

"Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy sacred law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old."

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

7. IRELAND REJUVENATED . . . PATRICK J. HANNON, ESQ.

"On nations fixed in right and truth
God would bestow eternal youth."

—*Thomas Davis.*

... Menu ...

Poncires au Marasquin

Potages

Consommé Daumont

Bisque de crevettes

Hors d'Oeuvre

Radis

Olives

Celeri

Poisson

Saumon, sauce Printaniere

Pommes de terre Persillade

Reliche

Selle de mouton, Colbert

Tartelettes Palestine

Entrees

Ris de veau, Montebello

Petits pois, Francais

Terrapène a la Baltimore

Irish bacon with greens

Sorbet au Kirsch

Rote

Pluviers

Salade Chiffonade

Entremets de Baucour

Glaces de fantaisies

Fruits

Petits fours

Fromage

Café

Sauternes

Sherry

Champagne

Chat. Couffran

White Rock

Apollinaris

Liqueurs

MUSICAL PROGRAM
DINNER
THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

DELMONICO'S MARCH 17TH, 1904.

MUSIC

MARCH	"The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick"	<i>Braham</i>
SELECTION	"Brian Boru"	<i>Edwards</i>
CAPRICE	"Laces and Graces"	<i>Bratton</i>
SELECTION	Irish Melodies	<i>Arranged by Braham</i>
SELECTION	"Mulligan Guard Surprise"	<i>Harrigan</i>
CONCLUDING WITH XYLOPHONE SOLO BY E. KING		
SELECTIONS from	"CARMEN"	<i>Bizet</i>
CORNET SOLO	"The Low Backed Car"	<i>Ryan</i>
IRISH DANCES		<i>Arranged by Braham</i>
SELECTIONS from	"IN TOYLAND"	<i>Herbert</i>
ENSEMBLE	"The Star Spangled Banner"	
	"The Wearing of the Green"	

The tables having been cleared, coffee served and cigars lighted, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, the president, rapped for order at half-past nine o'clock, and having stilled the busy hum of conversation and secured the attention of the Society and its delighted guests, said:

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

THE PRESIDENT: For the second time it becomes my pleasing duty to welcome, in behalf of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, our friends who unite with us in this annual celebration of the great feast of the old Celtic race.

This is our 120th anniversary banquet. Our Society may be said to be co-existent with the Republic. (Applause.) The first President, the immortal Washington (applause), was a guest at our board, and the distinguished name of the present occupant of the White House is upon our roll of membership. (Applause.)

We are a body of men who yield to none in our devotion to the principles upon which this Republic is founded. (Applause.) We are wedded to Columbia by ties of blood, kindred and fealty; ties of love and loyalty, perpetual and indestructible. (Applause.) It has been our privilege, by industry, labor, intellect, and energy, to contribute to the material growth of the nation, as it has been our glory upon land and sea to uphold the honor of the flag and defend its integrity against armed enemies whenever and wherever assailed. We proudly point to a list of illustrious names that upon Fame's imperishable muster rolls will ever bear witness to the fidelity and loyalty with which men of our race have endeavored to perform their duty to this great Republic, to whose shores so many of them have been welcomed. (Applause.)

We know that you will excuse us to-night—nay, more, that you will commend us—for straining our vision across the great waters and endeavoring to get a glimpse of the old and holy island amid whose green fields our race was cradled. (Applause.) We would be unworthy of the title of Americans if the story of Erin, the land of our ancestors, possessed no charm for our ears. (Applause.) Distinguished gentlemen are upon this platform who will speak to the sentiments appropriate to the occasion.

and I will merely mention a few of the events which have transpired since our last reunion, and briefly consider what there is to commend or what to condemn.

We congratulate our kin beyond the sea that since last St. Patrick's Day the Government of Great Britain has recognized before mankind the injustice of the Cromwellian confiscations, and in theory, at least, has acknowledged that the soil of Ireland is the property of the people of Ireland. (Applause.)

We congratulate the people of Ireland upon the wonderful growth of the industrial movement. We feel that they are slowly and surely being led back to the habits of industry and commerce which for centuries legislation was cunningly devised to uproot from their nature by discouraging energy and enterprise and by putting a premium upon idleness. If, for instance, a tenant improved his holdings the improved conditions were availed of by the landlord as a reason for increasing his rent.

We congratulate them upon the growth of the movement for the restoration of the old Gaelic language (applause), and we look forward to the day not far distant when all of the sons and daughters of the old Island will address one another in the tongue of bygone ages. (Applause.)

We are proud of the literary and intellectual movement with which the names of Edmund Yeats, Dr. Hyde and Seamus McManus are so creditably associated. (Applause.)

But there is a dark side to the picture. We hear it said to the people of Ireland, "Have you not the New Urban and County Councils? What more do you want? Have you not the power of putting signs upon the street corners and repairing the roadways exercised by local authority?" (Laughter.) "Can not you speak occasionally now, if you are careful and not over emphatic, without being put in jail, since the odious Crimes Act is no longer in operation? What more do you want?" Is not this self-government? Is not this liberty? (Laughter.) This is as though a robber upon the highway were to return a small percentage of the booty taken from his victim and then vigorously denounce the victim for not falling upon his knees before him, and proclaiming him a most just and merciful man. (Applause.)

We are appreciative of every advancement. We welcome each one, no matter how small; but nothing short of self government

can satisfy the rightful ambition of the Irish people. (Applause.) It will be shortly for the British ministry to say whether or not they will yield to the just demands of Ireland supported by the moral sentiment of the world and undo the infamous acts of Pitt and Castlereagh. It will be for those ministers to say whether or not the parliament against the abolition of which Grattan protested, the restoration of which O'Connell demanded, and Parnell so nearly achieved will be restored—or it will be for Ireland to agitate, plot and conspire until some great difficulty impends over Great Britain and then, making common cause with her enemies, no matter who those enemies may be, win their liberties with the armed hand to make of Ireland the sepulchre of the remains of a brave race which centuries of oppression could not enslave. (Applause.)

We welcome to our board to-night distinguished citizens of this land, men in high official position in the Government of the United States, and of the various States; judges of our courts (applause) the members of our learned professions of law and medicine; our merchants, our men of social and commercial standing and worth; we welcome them here, together with the distinguished speakers who have accepted our invitation and whom it will soon be my privilege to present. We welcome to our board our Mayor (continued applause), of whom, even in this company, I may say with absolute propriety that, while he was the candidate of a party, he is the Mayor of the city. (Applause.) We welcome the members of our sister societies (applause) who unite with us in cultivating a spirit of charity and good fellowship, and in perpetuating memories of old and hallowed days. We bid them all welcome; we stretch out our arms to receive them, and place the best seats at our board at their disposal. But I will not speak the welcome, only in the cold utterances that my poor ability can command, but I will give greeting to all in the glowing words of the immortal bard of the Young Ireland movement, the lamented Davis:

“Come in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for or come without warning;
A bright Irish welcome you will find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come, the more we'll adore you.”

(Continued applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: We have received a number of dispatches, some from sister societies and some from absent members. I will not detain you by reading them, but will say that one of them is from our former president, Mr. James S. Coleman, who is in Florida, and another from a former vice-president, Mr. Scott. We have also heard from the Friendly Sons of Philadelphia. One dispatch received by Mr. Travers, which I will read, as he has just handed it to me, is as follows:

“WASHINGTON, D. C., March 17, 1904.

“TO JUSTICE JAMES FITZGERALD, President Friendly Sons of
“St. Patrick, New York.

“Through you let me, as an honorary member, extend my
“cordial greetings to my fellow members of the Friendly
“Sons of St. Patrick and wish for them a most pleasant
“evening.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.”

(The telegram received a cordial, cheering welcome.)

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, I give you now in conformity with time-honored precedent the one toast of the evening to which the response is made by the audience arising *en masse*. I ask you to fill your glasses and drink to the Chief Executive of the Republic, the official head of the mightiest nation upon this earth, the only nation where liberty founded upon law stamps upon simple manhood that seal of nobility which equalizes the opportunities of all by obliterating artificial restrictions and abolishing limitation of privileges. I give you the health of Theodore Roosevelt—our fellow member—the President of the United States.

(The toast was enthusiastically honored, all rising and cheering and then singing in splendid chorus, “The Star Spangled Banner.”)

We realize, gentlemen, that the room is to a certain extent overcrowded. The stewards on this occasion have had to deal with the very difficult problem of crowding the occupants of two rooms into one, so that some of the gentlemen are necessarily in uncomfortable positions. But if you will kindly pay close attention, I know that the addresses which you will hear will repay you for any temporary discomfort.

The first regular toast of the evening is, "The Day We Celebrate."

"What a union of hearts is the love of a mother
When races of men in her name unite!"

The audience then arose and cheered again and again, and the orchestra played "The Wearing of the Green."

The toast that I have just announced will be responded to by a gentleman who has come from Buffalo to do it, the Rev. M. F. Fallon, of the Order of the Oblate Fathers. I have now great pleasure in presenting Father Fallon to the audience, and I know that you will give him a welcome that will repay him for the journey. (Prolonged applause.)

RESPONSE OF REV. M. F. FALLON.

FATHER FALLON: Mr. President, and Members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and You, Gentlemen, Guests:

When the invitation came to me from out the gates of the metropolis to that comparative village on the shores of Lake Erie to address you on this occasion, I was for some days torn by conflicting emotions. To come down to New York from Buffalo and attempt to speak to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick caused such a sensation of fear as I have not oftentimes suffered from. On the other hand, the honor of appearing before such a

body as this was something that I could not but appreciate; and so, between fear on the one hand and honor on the other, I chose honor, and I am here. (Applause.)

Sir, those early days of trepidation were followed by other days of uncertainty. How should I appeal to the metropolitan intellect; how could I dare to treat the subject of "The Day We Celebrate" before perhaps the most select and the most intelligent audience that the great City of New York could bring together (laughter and applause); how should I take up the question of St. Patrick; should I discuss where he was born; whether he was a Papist or a Presbyterian (laughter); whether he ever was in Ireland at all; or, in fact, whether he was anything more than a mere myth of the human imagination? Because these, gentlemen, are some of the questions that are occupying the minds of modern historians and critics.

Now, I felt that if I could take up one of these subjects and deal with it fittingly, I might do myself some honor, make some discoveries, and acquire some fame. But finally I said to myself—and I believe the saying was wise—"They are sons of St. Patrick down in New York, as we are in Buffalo, and they will be glad to hear something of the old, old story, beautiful though ancient, lovely now as it was in the days when it was first told to the sons of the Emerald Isle at home by their glorious apostle." (Applause.)

Sir, around the revered name of St. Patrick there clusters almost everything that is most glorious in the history of Ireland. (Applause.)

In his "Vision of Judgment" Byron calls history "the Scripture of the devil"; Count de Maistre styles it "a vast conspiracy against truth"; Father Lacordaire brands it as "the rich treasury of man's dishonor." But the true story of Ireland suffers not from any such perverted annals.

The history of human civilization testifies that the intellectual supremacy of the world has belonged to different nations at different times. Far back in the remote and obscure ages of an-

tiquity the world's ideas may have been fashioned in turn by China, Arabia, and Egypt; Greece succeeded Egypt, and Rome, Greece.

This intellectual leadership was with Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with England in the sixteenth, with France in the seventeenth. It is with Germany now. No one will seriously dispute that in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries Ireland was the intellectual beacon-light of Europe. And this position was a direct and immediate consequence of the labors of St. Patrick. Coincident with the establishment and spread of Christianity, schools, colleges and monasteries sprang up in every corner of the island, and to them flocked thousands of students from all quarters of Europe. The most famous of these centres of learning were at Armagh, Bangor, Kildare, Clonard, Lismore, Glendalough, and Clonmacnoise, and they were attended by from one thousand to seven thousand students. The course of studies was exceedingly severe. Besides the Celtic tongue, there were studied Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, the logic of Aristotle, the works of the Fathers of the Church, the mathematics and physics of that day, music and poetry.

And it is not the least glory of our Irish race that these Irish schools gave the very first example of absolutely free education that the world has ever known. (Applause.) Not only were the lessons free, but the students were supplied with free books, board and lodging. Princes and people vied with each other in the generous endowment of education, and in a noble rivalry as to what district should possess the best schools and the largest number of distinguished scholars.

It may be that some of you, like myself, have had ancestors unable to read and write. May God bless them for that mark of glory! (Applause.) It was the seal of the martyrdom of the intellect in a higher and holier cause. On my knees before them I ask the privilege of kissing their hands, and I beg their blessing. But the love of learning was hereditary in them; devotion to education ran in their blood; and no more cursed law was ever devised than that cruel and barbarous statute which made it a felony for an Irish Catholic to love learning in his native land, and a penal offence for him to seek it abroad.

This marvelous intellectual development which took place in Ireland on the advent of Christianity could not be imprisoned by the waves that washed her rugged shores. Irish monks, uniting scholarship and sanctity, crossed the seas into Great Britain, Gaul, and Germany, and everywhere they founded schools and monasteries. In less than 300 years they held 7 monasteries in Belgium, 13 in Scotland, 31 in Germany, and 37 in France. It was during these centuries that Ireland laid every other nation of Europe under a debt of everlasting gratitude. For more than 200 years after the reign of Charlemagne nearly all the learned men of Europe came from Ireland. St. Patrick and Christianity had made her the University of the World. (Applause.)

History does homage to the Irish as a fighting race. Its prowess is acknowledged:

"Who carries the gun? A lad from the Emerald Isle?
Then let him go, for well we know; we've tried him many a
while.
We've tried him east, we've tried him west, we've tried him by
sea and land,
And the man to beat old Erin's best has never yet been planned."
(Applause.)

And it is one of your own members, if I mistake not, who has said that when Gabriel blows his trumpet the Kellys, Burkes, and Sheas, the men of the soldier race, will stretch three deep from Jehosophat to the Golden Gates. (Applause.)

Are, then, the sons of Ireland but a brood of blood-thirsty swashbucklers? Ah! they little know the history and the principles of the race who so judge it.

The faith which Patrick brought to Ireland implanted in the breasts of its people a strong love of liberty and a deep hatred of oppression, a passion for freedom and a frenzy against tyranny. And in every spot of this wide world where Irish courage and Irish valor have been most signally displayed the cause and explanation of it has been the worship of the race for freedom, and its hatred of oppression. To be freemen and to enjoy the rights that follow freedom brought our ancestors into the field under Brian Boru; their country's freedom inspired the military genius

of Owen Roe O'Neil and the heroic deeds of Patrick Sarsfield. To settle a score with the oppressor made victors of the Irish brigades at Lille and Ramillies, at Cremona and on Landen's field, and in the glorious work of O'Brien's exiles in the charge at Fontenoy.

To uplift freedom and overthrow tyranny made Washington's army half Irish, and gave to the struggle for American independence such men as Commodore Jack Barry, the father of the American Navy; Generals Knox, Montgomery, Sullivan, and Moylan, and the heroic figure of Mad Anthony Wayne. (Applause.)

Christianity is the mother of true justice. And a deep love of justice has been a characteristic of the Irish race since Patrick preached to them the religion of the Crucified. A cry for justice everywhere and for everybody is found as well in the stately orations of Edmund Burke, who championed the cause of justice in Ireland, in India, and in the American Colonies, as in the impassioned pleas of Henry Grattan, the burning denunciations of Robert Emmet, and the overpowering eloquence of Daniel O'Connell. (Applause.)

The Irishman is the natural enemy of crime; by training and by instinct he is opposed to every form of lawlessness. If it has often happened that, in his native land, the only part of a court of justice which he revered was the prisoner's dock, the fault lies not with him. It was there he found incarnate the sacred cause of suffering and outraged justice. And he worshiped it. When John Mitchell stood before an unjust judge in a Dublin courtroom to hear his fate, and proudly declared that he could promise for thousands who would follow his example, the cry that burst from the throat of Thomas Francis Meagher, future General of the Irish Brigade in the service of the United States and Governor of Montana, and that was taken up by his enthusiastic comrades, "Promise for me, Mitchell! Promise for me!" was no defence of crime and no defiance of law, but a sacred and solemn pledge in the sight of God and men that, even at the cost of life itself, and in the face of death most certain, justice must be done their native land.

I have no apology to offer for the rebel sons of the Irish race. I glory in their deeds. "Whether on the scaffold high or the

battlefield they die," they die for justice and for Ireland, and their deaths are doubly sacred. (Applause.)

But I should be recreant to every principle that I hold most dear, and false to the purest glory of the land of my fathers, did I fail to emphasize to the fullest extent that the most precious memory which circles around "The Day We Celebrate" is that very faith itself which Patrick preached to the Irish people almost 1500 years ago.

Ireland is the single country of the world of which the gospel took possession without bloodshed. At his coming St. Patrick found the country universally pagan; when he died, sixty years later, he left it universally Christian. And Ireland is the single land in all the world which has never swerved from the teachings of its first Apostle. To cling tenaciously through the course of centuries to any high ideal; to suffer bloody and cruel persecution for its preservation; to resist the example of other nations to desert and attack it, is high praise for any people. But when this ideal is religious truth, then is the glory of constancy immeasurably increased. (Applause.)

From the first moment of her conversion to Christianity Ireland's devotion to the Faith became the national passion. And having completed the work at home, Irish missionaries crossed the seas and scattered themselves among the nations of Europe, everywhere proclaiming the heavenly doctrine of the Holy Faith. From Iceland to Southern Italy they spread themselves, until, like the Apostles, "their sound went forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." A search of the history of Europe reveals the marvelous fact that Norway venerates 8 saints of Irish birth, Italy 13, Belgium 30, France 45, and Germany 150. No Irishman can view without deep emotion those days of glory when Erin was the spiritual light of all Northern and Western Europe, and her sons the bearers of good tidings of great joy unto all the nations.

But it is easy to be faithful in the worship of God when we sit in peace under the fretted vaults of majestic cathedrals. Constancy during centuries of persecution is quite another thing. And the Irish have been a nation of martyrs for their Faith. It is no wonder that Edmund Burke, reviewing the cruelties of Elizabeth, and the curse of Cromwell, and the long period of the penal laws, should cry out, in indignant anger: "The Irish have

been more harassed for religion than any other people under the sun. I have read of the persecutions of Nero and the Roman Emperors, but in duration, intensity and extent the Irish people suffered more than has ever been endured by mankind for justice's sake."

And is not this glorious spiritual mission of our race a compensation for all its temporal sufferings? Who will for one instant contend that any political glory, any military glory, any literary glory, can equal the sublime triumphs of the Irish missionaries of both ancient and modern times? What Irishman would think of bartering for a cycle of temporal prosperity—aye, even for the most complete measure of national independence—one particle of Ireland's spiritual glory? We cannot look into the future. It is not given to us to see the things that shall come to pass in the "great mysterious darkness of the speechless days that shall be." But one thing I do most firmly believe, and for it I pray—that no visions of worldly advancement, no hopes of political position, and no promises of material reward, may ever be able to seduce the Irish people from the faith of Christ that St. Patrick brought them. I see every patriotic Irishman the world over lift his hands in horror at the very thought that any possible event could bring about a national apostasy. I see Erin's children on their knees, with arms outstretched to God above, pleading for famine, persecution and the sword, as Heaven-sent blessings to ward off the curse of unbelief. I see them tramp all their high human hopes in the dust as they cry out to that Gem of the Ocean:

"'Twere better thy shores should sink in the depths of the pathless sea
Than that ever thy sons should barter the faith that has made them free!"

(Applause.)

God grant that the sons of St. Patrick at home and abroad may ever recognize that it is a higher destiny to live with Christ, even on Calvary, than to sit on an earthly throne and smite their enemies! O Ireland, Holy Ireland, Mother of Saints and Martyrs, mayest thou wear forever that brilliant diadem of faith which maketh thee a queen among the nations! (Applause.)

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, I read in the preface to your Charter and Constitution that you celebrate "the festival of St. Patrick as a national and immemorial custom, to commemorate the glory of Ireland, to drop a tear upon her sorrows, and to express a hope for her regeneration." You do well. Her glory is worthy of commemoration; her sorrows deserve the tribute of a tear. But her regeneration? Is there any hope? Yes; a thousand times, yes. Hope, and more than hope, certainty. Nations have no hereafter. Their reward must be of this world. Ireland has had her Crucifixion; she must likewise have her Resurrection. To picture the glories of that blessed coming day I borrow the prophecy of the illustrious Cardinal Newman:

"I look toward a land both old and young—old in its Christianity; young in its promise of the future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never questioned it; a church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustine and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people who have had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes toward the future, and I see the Ireland I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between the two hemispheres, and the centre of the world."

May we all live to see at least the dawn of that glorious day! And when its full history comes to be written, may it again be true that the world has been uplifted by Irish heroism, enlightened by Irish learning, and made holier by Irish saints! (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. John Brennan then sang "The Wearing of the Green," in which all the members joined as it rose with loud and swelling chorus, an anthem rich and strong.

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, we are going to make a slight change in the order of toasts as arranged by the Committee. You are all aware that there are a great many celebrations to-night; in various parts of the city bodies of our countrymen and their sympathizers are celebrating in different ways this occasion. They are all anxious to be honored by the presence of the Mayor.

(Applause.) And the Mayor is more than desirous of accommodating all of them, but he cannot well be in two places at the one time, even on St. Patrick's night. (Laughter.) He came to our gathering not as a stranger. He is a member of our Society for over sixteen years. (Applause.) And it certainly would be an unnecessary work for the President to introduce a fellow member of sixteen years standing to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. Our fellow citizens who are with us as guests know him and respect him for his character and his worth.

I have now the pleasure of proposing, out of its order, for the reasons I have given you, "The City of New York."

"A million people—manners free and superb—open voices—hospitality—the most courageous and friendly young men. City of hurried and sparkling waters! City of spires and masts! City of nested in bays! My city!"
Gentlemen, the Mayor.

(Uproarious applause. Orchestra played and audience sang "The Bowery.")

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

MAYOR McCLELLAN: Mr. Chairman, and fellow-members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick:

Our president has accused me of a predilection for the Irish. (Laughter.) I think that if he will reflect upon the subject, he may change his mind. It is true that I chiefly lean upon McAdoo and O'Brien (laughter and applause), but whether or not these gentlemen are Irishmen I have no method of determining, for I have never asked them. (Laughter.)

Father Fallon has talked poetry to us. I propose to talk shop to you. The existence of our society would furnish the greatest

proof, were proof needed, of the marvelous power of assimilation possessed by American institutions. There were times during the last century when people believed that the tide of immigration that was coming to us was a danger to our country; yet year by year and decade by decade the immigrant came, until to-day there is scarcely a community in the United States where the immigrants or their sons do not lead in politics, in affairs, and in thought. To-day there are still those who entertain the same fear, and base it upon the fact that the immigrants who are coming to us now are those of the non-Teutonic races. I believe that this country is large enough and great enough, and its institutions elastic enough, to absorb into the body politic every man who comes to us, provided that we do our duty. (Applause.)

More immigrants come and settle in the city of New York than in any other city in our country, and therefore there is a greater duty imposed upon us New Yorkers than upon any other people in the United States. You have assigned to me the toast of "The City of New York." The subject is so vast that I cannot in the moment that I shall address you do more than touch upon what, to my mind, is the most important, the greatest phase of the subject, and that is the question of free education. (Applause.)

Some months ago, before I was elected to the office I now hold, I made the pledge that if I received the confidence of the people, I should see to it that every child of school age should receive a full day's schooling. I am one of those who believe that a pledge made to the people during a campaign is as sacred as a pledge made by one man to another in private life. (Long applause). And if it is possible for me to do so, God willing, I intend to keep my word. (Applause.)

Immediately after the 1st of January I consulted with those whose reputations place them in the position of being authorities on the subject of education. I learned that, even were all the buildings now under construction for school purposes to be completed by next year, in the beginning of the next school session we will be confronted with the necessity of providing some thirty thousand additional sittings if every child in New York is to receive a full day's schooling. There is only one way that I can see by which this emergency can be met, and that is by the con-

struction of temporary school buildings, where possible on hired vacant lots, and where those cannot be obtained, in the small parks. (Applause.)

I had a bill introduced at Albany authorizing me to carry out my intentions. No sooner was it introduced than opposition arose on the part of men and women who were undoubtedly actuated by the purest and most public-spirited motives; men and women who said that not one of the people's playgrounds should be taken. And yet, in saying this they offered no alternative. It is no satisfaction to us that the responsibility for the defeat of such legislation should rest with them. If this legislation does not go through, the problem will remain unsolved. I believe that it is necessary. I want to take this opportunity of saying to the people of New York through you, a body of public-spirited and patriotic American citizens, that I have no intention whatever of taking permanently from the people one cubic yard of breathing space, or of placing a single building permanently upon the small parks. (Applause.)

If a few feet or yards of half a dozen parks are taken from the people's breathing-space for at most two years, if the beautification of these parks is delayed for a few months, no possible permanent injury can result to the people. But if the children of this city, especially the children in the congested districts, the children of the recently arrived immigrants, are deprived of the possibility of learning to read and write, yes, even to speak, the English language, not only will a harm be done to the city of New York, but a wrong that can never be repaired will be done to the people of the United States. (Applause.)

I am grateful to you for your patient hearing. I assure you that I greatly value my membership in the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. (Applause.) Our society was organized, as our president has told us, even before the beginning of the Republic. It has always taught its members that they should love the motherland and the flag that represents old Ireland; but, more than that, it has taught them to revere and honor and defend the constitution and the flag of the United States. (Applause.) So I appeal to you to stand with me in trying to make it possible that these children of New York shall be brought up to become eventually honest men and women and upright citizens of the country we all love. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, the next regular toast upon the program for this evening will be responded to by a gentleman who comes here to-night from the City of Washington, solely for the purpose of addressing you. We are under deep obligation to him, and his reputation, with which you are all familiar, makes it unnecessary for me to say that you are now to receive a very great oratorical treat, "The Celtic Race,"

"They tell a tale of the ancient race—
Of matchless deeds in danger's face,"

to be responded to by the Honorable Edward W. Carmack, United States Senator from Tennessee. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF SENATOR CARMACK.

SENATOR CARMACK: Mr. President, and Gentlemen:

Some complaint was made, or some apology, by your president to-night that this hall was overcrowded. I said to him that no hall could ever be overcrowded for me, so long as it was crowded with Irishmen. (Applause and laughter.)

I listened with pleasure to-night to the address of your distinguished president, of the reverend father who followed him, and of your distinguished mayor, with whom I have had the pleasure and honor to serve in the Congress of the United States. (Applause.)

I remember that your president spoke of the present conditions in Ireland, and of what had been accomplished for the well-being of Ireland; of the concessions that had been made by the British nation in behalf of the people of Ireland; and the thought that arose in my mind was that no concession had ever been made by the English nation to the Irish race until Ireland had demanded and compelled that concession. (Applause.) No Irishman ever saw an olive branch in an Englishman's hand until the Englishman had first seen a shillelah in the Irishman's hand. (Laughter and applause.)

I was struck with another remark made by Father Fallon—that we could not complain that the Irish people looked back to the green isle of Erin. Fellow-citizens, if an Irishman in America could forget the land of his birth, he could not be faithful to any country or loyal to any flag, and we could not trust him as an American citizen. (Applause.)

I am afraid, my friends, that I have done a rash and imprudent thing to-night in accepting an invitation to speak to you upon a subject that is more suggestive of a learned treatise than of an after-dinner speech, and especially one like this, which must be made with little forethought or deliberation. But it is in my mind to-night simply to make protest against certain accepted beliefs that go along with certain misleading terms of racial description. And especially do I protest against the belief that all the races of mankind, for all practical purposes, are divided into Anglo-Saxons, Chinamen and niggers (laughter), with a small sprinkling of Celts and Jews. (Laughter.)

Another belief against which I would protest is that the people of England are all Anglo-Saxons, and that we of the United States have derived our blood straight from that clear blue fountain, unmixed with baser matter; or, in other words, that we are all Englishmen who have simply wandered from the ancestral home into this western wilderness and have never forgotten entirely our yearnings to return to the maternal roof and hearthstone. I do not know of anything more absurd than for a nation which is a great reservoir of the confluent and commingled blood of all the civilized and some of the uncivilized nations of the world to obstinately persist in asserting its racial identity with one part of the blood of one part of the people of one part of one small island. We are asserted to be all Anglo-Saxons. It is asserted that we all derive our blood from a part of the people who inhabit one part of the island of Britain. I protest, I especially protest, against any belief or any teaching that would deny or discredit the noble contribution which those Celtic races of Ireland, Wales and Scotland have made to the genius of the American people and to the glory of the American Republic. (Applause.)

To assert Anglo-Saxonism of this people is to cast a stigma upon some of the greatest names in the history of the American Republic (applause), and some of the greatest names that have

illustrated the glories of any country in the world. I am not here to denounce or disparage England. I am willing to do full justice and all honor to the splendid contributions which she has made to literature and law and to the progress of civilization throughout the world. But when I am told that this country owes its free institutions to England, I cannot help thinking that all England ever gave to us of her own free will was tyranny and oppression. All we ever got from her worth having we took with the sword. (Applause.)

My friends, this theory of Anglo-Saxonism came from English tyranny and from English arrogance and prejudice. Why do they say that we are Anglo-Saxons? One theory is that the native Celts of Britain were absolutely exterminated by the invading Saxons. That idea is based upon the fact that the language of the ancient Britons has absolutely disappeared. And yet we know that the language of the ancient Celtic Gauls has also disappeared, although the Gallic race survives. The argument is as strong in the one case as in the other. Men who have studied the question, great students and anthropologists, declare that even before the Danish and Norman invasions not more than one-fourth of the people of England were true Saxons. The Saxons when they invaded Britain themselves were not a pure Teutonic race, because for centuries the North Germans were under the dominion of the conquering Celt and had received a large infusion of Celtic blood. The Normans who invaded England were half Celts, and a large part of the army of William the Conqueror was drawn from the Celtic parts of France, and the Norman had received such an infusion of Celtic blood that he had even lost his own language. So that the army that conquered the English people and put William the Conqueror upon the throne was largely a Celtic army. (Applause.)

And yet they speak of the people of England as Anglo-Saxons and appeal to us because we are supposed to be of the same blood, and the effort is made to draw the United States into the toils of English politics, to make us and England allies against the rest of mankind. The people of the United States are asked to drop their peaceful pursuits and to draw the sword to help England against all enemies she has made in her course of bloody oppression throughout the world. (Applause.) But, my friends, there is one thing, there is one thought appropriate to

this occasion which even the Anglo-Saxon, if there be such a thing as an Anglo-Saxon (cries of "No! No! Anglo-Celt!")—which even the so-called Anglo-Saxon can never forget, and that is, when England was swept by the Danish invasion, by fire and sword, when English Christianity and civilization went down into the black night of heathen superstition, then came a missionary from St. Patrick's church in Ireland; he came to save and to redeem; he came to teach the people that there was something better in this life than gluttony and rapine; he came to teach them learning, literature, and Christian civilization; he came to teach them a knowledge of the law of God. And yet, in the name of that God, Ireland has been shorn of her liberties and deluged with the blood of her sons; in the name of that God Cromwell perpetrated his awful massacres; in the name of that God Ireland has endured centuries of oppression and misrule. Yet in the name of that God she to-day lifts her manacled hands to Heaven for justice, and in God's own time that justice will come. (Applause.) For, my friends, it is written in the law of nature and in the law of God that no people can always and forever be enslaved who always and forever are determined to be free. (Applause.) And I think I can look into the future and foresee the time when Ireland shall take her place among the nations of the earth, and the epitaph of Robert Emmet shall be written. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: I will break in upon the regular order for one moment to ask you to drink to the health of the oldest member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, who was elected to the Society as long ago as 1843, and who is here with us to-night, hale and hearty. We hope he will be with us for many St. Patrick nights more. I propose the health of Samuel Sloan. [Applause.]

REMARKS OF HON. SAMUEL SLOAN.

MR. SLOAN: Gentlemen, I do not propose to inflict myself upon you now and interrupt the proceedings, but I do, in the most heartfelt manner, appreciate your kind consideration as shown to me to-night and as has been done before. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. (Enthusiastic applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, the next toast upon the program is, "Gælic Unity."

"In fortune and in name we are bound by stronger links than steel,
And neither can be safe or sound but in the other's weal."

To respond to that toast we have a gentleman with us to-night well known in the City of New York, highly respected by everybody who has had occasion to watch his career. It is unnecessary for me to introduce him, because you are all familiar with his appearance—The Reverend William S. Rainsford. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF REV. DR. RAINSFORD.

DR. RAINSFORD: Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Society: The nation that has not memories to live in is poor; a nation or a national cause that contents itself by the recapitulation of its memories will soon cease to survive.

The weakness of Irish gatherings all over the world is two-fold: They love to live in the past, and for the present they satisfy themselves with blarney. (Laughter.)

The two points I briefly make, and I shall not detain you long, have been in evidence to-night. The past has been dealt with in language that may not, by me, at least, be at all attempted; the present is represented by the fact that this great and very intellectual audience applauds itself faster than it does even the great memories that have been so eloquently presented to it. (Laughter.)

I am perfectly certain that I speak to the heart of every Irishman here present to-night when I say that we think—we Irishmen—that not only are we rich in the memories of a heroic race, but we also ought to be rich in the opportunities given to us in a new and larger day.

Let us be practical for a moment or two. It comes fitly after the eloquent perorations we have had, teaching us to remember, as we rightly should, the great days and great men that have had their opportunity, we hope, in teaching us. What can we do for New York? is a practical question, and Irishmen, even in New

York, are practical. (Laughter and applause.) What can we do, brothers, to benefit the dear old land? (1) We can welcome those who come to us straight from her beautiful shores. We can do more than this—(2) we can wisely, charitably and kindly do what we can to cheer and comfort and sustain those who are seeking to play the part of manhood as they do not come to our shores and stand by the old land.

And if you will allow me—for Irishmen are always charitable in their allowance of a difference of opinions among themselves—we have had practice enough in doing it before, so we ought to be by now—let us remember that we shall best help the cause about which in details we may perhaps differ, but yet of which we are all proud, if we do what we can to remind our countrymen everywhere that it is not enough merely to indulge in useless regret. No real awakening of memory to wrongs can make a people great, however great those wrongs may be; and as historians, as men who know at least something of her history, it is fitting that we should remember that in every time and age, alas! except in those glorious centuries to which Father Fallon has so eloquently referred, the saddest fact about Irish history remains that Ireland's greatest wrongs have been perpetrated by her own sons. (Cries of "No! No!")

Yes, sir. Let me go on, and I will show you. No encouragement of mere agitation can help our race at this time. No encouragement of opposition to England as England, in my judgment, can help our race at this time. No appeals made by honest though mistaken agitators can help our race at this time. An appeal, for instance, for Irishmen to approve of Russian tyranny, the darkest and bloodiest and most pestilent on earth—this cannot win any approbation in the land across the sea. The advocating, for instance, of the Boer war, where some of Ireland's best blood was being gladly and heroically shed at Magersfontein and on a hundred other fields—can any man, can any sensible man believe that the advocacy of such principles as these brings nearer by one day a separate parliament in Ireland? (Applause, and cries of "No! No!")

Do we not, as sensible men, know perfectly well that England, for her very existence, cannot for a moment consider a hostile government in Dublin just so long as that hostile government would express herself in such unwise schemes, at least, to use as

charitable language as one can use? No; we want, if we are going to get anything done for Ireland, to remember that the day of haphazard political bravery is past, and a man who runs amuck only leads the great cause he favors to simple ruin.

These, it seems to me, are a few suggestions which it is proper to make.

But nearer home, gentlemen, if you will pardon me for yet one moment for detaining you—nearer home there is a duty to which our mayor has alluded, and to which we all ought to feel ourselves bound. The war of the past with bullet and sword is past, but there is another war in which we surely should take our place in this great land; a war in which the Irish character and the Irish courage and the Irish wit and the Irish—what shall I say?—capacity to pull a fight through—should have their proper due. (Applause.)

To the vulgar seduction of money power the Celt is not usually prone. His idealism is too strong for this. But good-fellowship and loyalty to his friends, readiness to stand by his pal, sympathy with the under dog, all these things, excellent as they are sometimes, lead to unwise consideration. The Irishman is a born politician. But the point seems to me to be, we have higher things to attend to. There are higher things with which our time is filled. If we want to play our part in the making of this great nation, and incidentally in helping our people wherever they are, we must no longer be content with the small things in politics or with, as a brave man in New York said the other day, the chicken feed of politics; but we want to stand for the large things, and not be diverted by any catch-penny thing of the hour.

I once heard of a common-school teacher who was very proud of her scholars' capacity to deal with difficult problems in arithmetic, and one day she stood up before the children, and said, "Children, there were seven apples to be divided among eleven children. How would you divide them?" And hand after hand went up, but the difficult problem in fractions was too much for them. Finally one hand went up. "Please, ma'am, I know the answer." "Well, my boy, what is it?" "Well, my ma would cook them into sass and cook the fractions out of them," said the boy. (Laughter.) It seems to me that in a great many of the questions before us we want to cook the fractions out of them and face the great problems before us.

It seems to me that one prominent question appeals to us. Ireland has had some great soldiers, none greater; Ireland has had a few great statesmen, and at least one great saint. And we, to-day, meeting with all sorts of political views, belonging to all sorts of political ideas, yet find, gentlemen, our true point of meeting in the memory and influence handed down from a remote time of one great and good personality; the power, after all, of a man, a good man, is of influence, and the greatest influence in the world. (Applause.)

We rejoice, gentlemen, in American citizenship. Every man that is a democrat, a true lover of freedom, should do so; but, after all, institutions never made a people. It is only men that make a people, and this we need to remember. And that dim figure coming to us from the past is associated with the fable, if you like—but below the fable is a great truth—St. Patrick is famous to the common people in the world because he drove the snakes and toads out of Ireland. What have we to do with snakes and toads to-day? Verily, a great deal. There is in this land of which we are so proud, underneath these institutions of ours, undermining these institutions in which to-night you have gloried, and the names of which you have so heartily cheered—there is, gentlemen, and you know I am telling the truth—there is an insidious evil working; there is a theory, not only in politics and in business, but there is a theory in life which every one of you, you in your offices, we in our pulpits—Father Fallon knows it as truly as I do in his great church and in my small one—a theory which says everything is to be bought, including men. Buy legislatures, buy labor leaders, buy votes, buy place. And that is a lie. And every good Irishman, by everything that is precious and noble in the past, does not want to content himself with giving applause to what has gone before, but wants to bare his blade to what is present and what he is up against to-day. (Applause.)

There is a man who has passed down to tradition with the darkest stain on his memory that a nation can stamp on a man, and that is Benedict Arnold. Sometimes we forget that he began his career in a blaze of glory. Sometimes we forget that Benedict Arnold's name was a terror in the English ranks. But that fair name was blotched with one awful crime. Feeling that he was misunderstood in Congress, smarting under the injustice

that he thought was done him, Benedict Arnold planned to deliver West Point to the enemies of his country, and all his early youth and all his brave deeds and all his heroism is forgotten, and he comes down to us and to our children's children under the ban of traitor. But let me ask as I sit down, but looking you in the face, I ask you if you will not give me amen to what I say? Is it not true that traitorism like that, bad as it is, is no worse than the dastardly traitorism which we see perpetrated by selling what a man has no right to sell, and buying what a man has no right to buy, in a country absolutely dependent for its maintenance and existence on the laws which people make? (Applause.)

I give you a health, and let every good Irishman drink it down. May the saints confound every boodler in this country, be he millionaire or hod-carrier, and let the saints support every good and honest man, poor or rich, who does what he can by word or deed to make the whole world and this new world of our choice what it can be and should be! (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, we have a member of our Society with us to-night who is to respond to the next toast, and you all know that he is an exceedingly busy man in these days, and that if anybody has an opportunity of proving to this community that Irishmen are capable of doing practicable things, that opportunity, under the providence of Heaven, seems to be afforded to him just now. (Laughter and applause.) How well he has been doing the duties of his office is a matter of universal comment. (Applause.)

The toast to which he has been assigned is one upon which naturally, because of his experience and acquaintance with its history and otherwise, he would be expected to talk exhaustively and at great length; but in view of the number of duties that press so hard upon him and occupy his time, we owe a debt of gratitude to him, really, for coming for a few moments to us to-night. And at his request I will say to you that he has been suffering

from illness, and that nothing but a summons from the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick could induce him, against the protests of his doctors, to venture out to-night.

The sentiment is, 'The United States.'

"Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy sacred law,
And, cast, in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old."

RESPONSE OF HON. WILLIAM McADOO.

Gentlemen, the Hon. William McAdoo. [Prolonged applause.]

MR. McADOO: Mr. Chairman, and Fellow-Members of the Friendly Sons: There was a fine flavor of controversy about Dr. Rainsford's remarks when he landed in Ireland; in fact, almost felt at home, back in Mulberry street. (Laughter.)

Now, some of you no doubt dissented from the learned doctor's position in regard to the Irish question. For myself, I have learned not only to attempt to put the lid on the town, but I try to keep the lid on my own emotions. (Laughter.) Article I, paragraph 1, of my private constitution and by-laws, by which I am more or less guided in the conduct of police affairs, is this: Never have a controversy with a newspaper, a clergyman, or a woman (laughter), because they will be sure to have the last word. And never argue with an angry and disappointed man, because you cannot convince him. Of course, if you are looking for exercise, you might go up in the Zoo and get in the cage with the lions. (Laughter.)

Now, you have done a very bold thing to-night to place in charge of the United States a policeman by present occupation, an Irishman by birth, and an invalid by characterization. (Laughter.) I hope you will not be misled by the headings in the morning newspapers. The war is not in Mulberry street, but is in Port Arthur and Vladivostock. Everything in Mulberry street is harmony, love and serenity. (Laughter and applause.)

When I listened to-night to the reverend gentleman's description of St. Patrick, with which I was more or less familiar, I was

deeply impressed to think that the good saint was not living now. I have a vacancy for him in the Police Department. (Laughter.)

You read a great deal in the newspapers of the world of diplomacy, the masterly efforts of the German chancellor and the more or less splendid action of our secretary of state. We are a great country; we have the largest deposits of iron and coal and the greatest crop of wheat, and I can assure you we have a superabundance of diplomats, if they are needed. If they are ever short of diplomats in the diplomatic game in Washington, and they will apply to me, I can furnish some of the finest specimens of diplomats, if diplomacy is what it is said to be—from the Police Department. (Renewed laughter and applause.)

I was struck by my good and reverend friend in his allusions to the impracticability of Irishmen, and it reminded me of the story of the English lady who was sojourning in Ireland. She was stopping at one of the large manor houses, and on meeting the head gardener coming along one day with a bucket of water, she stopped him, and said, "Now, you Irishmen are utterly impractical; why, instead of having this foolish agitation and disturbing the community with your cries against England, and your dwelling on the past, why don't you undertake the industrial movement?" she said. "You have a splendid climate for ducks, moisture and constant rains. You could be raising a very fine crop of ducks. Now, how much do ducks bring in the parish?" she says. "Well," said Mike, "your ladyship, we are very lucky when we can get a half a crown for two ducks." "Now, there you are, Mike," said the lady; "if you had those ducks in London, you could get five shillings a pair for them." "True for your ladyship; it's everything," he says, "in getting the right thing to the right place. You see that pail of water? If I had that pail of water in hell, I could get a guinea a drop for it." (Laughter.)

Now, a man may be eloquent and philosophic, and a great and active leader of a church, or he may be a peer of the English realm, and yet not understand very much about countries outside of his own, and probably very little about that. When I had the honor of being the assistant secretary of the navy, on a visit to Jamaica with some of our ships I was entertained at the governor's house, who, by the way, was, of course, an Irishman. (Laughter.) He was being visited at the time by a number of typical English peers. And after the ladies had retired from the

table I found myself talking to a very good type of that class, a stolid, bewhiskered, typical Briton; and he began talking to me about the United States, on which question he was as intellectual as a leg of veal. (Laughter.)

Now, he said to me, "My dear sir, I trust you will not engage in any such foolish enterprise as building a canal," and other questions, of course, he spoke of, and then I spoke to him. "Now, your lordship, I want to say to you, in the confidence of the social board, that whilst the average intelligence of the United States is quite high, yet owing to our school system there is a provincial ignorance on matters of national importance. I had the honor of representing a district in Congress for eight years, within sight of the City Hall of New York, and there were not six copies of the *London Times* read in the whole district." (Laughter.)

He reached over and got a large glass of port—the thermometer was 103, but he was standing by his color—and he says, "My God!" (Laughter.)

A great lawyer of this city gave a dinner not long ago to a party of friends, including an English gentleman who had made seventeen trips to the United States. During the course of the evening he told this story, at second hand, prefacing it by saying, of course, there was no malice in it as far as the English lord was concerned. After the story had been told, the audience tittered a little, save the Englishman, and my friend was very much perturbed, because he thought he had offended the gentleman in question. But after they had stopped laughing, the Englishman said, "My dear Mr. Curtis, I really don't like to comment upon the story you have told, but this is my seventeenth trip to the United States, and I have twice had occasion in a business way to go to Jersey City, and really I must say, if you will pardon me for protesting in your own house, I don't think it is quite fair to laugh at Mr. McAdoo, for I am sure from my experience in Jersey City, instead of six copies, there is not one." (Long laughter and applause.)

Now, gentlemen, we have to be serious on the police. (Laughter.) As I have just stepped in from my beat for a few minutes, expecting something on the side before I went out (laughter), I presume I have got to get down to business, even for a gentleman whose indisposition is so widely advertised as mine. They miss me so much at Mulberry street that if I sneeze or cough, these

gentlemen of the press come and call me up on the wire every hour. There are so many people who have a deep interest in me in New York that they take very good care of my health. (Laughter.)

I only want to say a few words on this very grave and important subject. You do not expect at this late hour for me to attempt, were I capable of it, a long and eloquent dissertation on the United States, the grandeur of its institutions, the splendor of its achievements and its tremendous destiny. I only want to say to you in a feeble way what I think should be characteristic of this country, without and within.

Without, as it faces the world, the United States, in my judgment, should be characterized by moral might. (Applause.) By a sense of justice to all peoples everywhere; by an illuminating example of disinterested righteousness; by more than a mere academic love of liberty, but by an exhibition of what it is willing to do, not alone for the liberty of its own people, but for the liberty of humanity. (Applause.)

It is the blackest page in English history, it is the source of all her woes, that the day she first put her foot in Ireland she did not go as a moral instead of a physical force. (Applause.) And the United States, with its great cosmopolitan population, with its big-heartedness, with its magnificent opportunities, the United States owes it to humanity that everywhere it shall edify by its example and teach by its precepts that justice and liberty are the things for which it strives. (Applause.)

Unfortunately, gentlemen, I am compelled to say to you that moral might must be backed up by physical force; that moral courage and physical courage must go together. The good Doctor and the good Father are striving for that millennial period when we shall beat the swords into ploughshares, but in the interim we have to rely upon force. It is the sheriff who carries out the edicts of the court; it is the policeman who protects you in your home; it is the warship on the sea and the trained force at home who must protect you in the liberties of your homes. I should like to believe that moral teaching, however eloquent, could convince a burglar who is breaking into the house, without the aid of the police, I would be glad to know that we had reached

an age in which we could disarm, but no people have ever got their liberties except by the sword, and no people can maintain them who are not willing to fight for them. (Applause.)

I do not mean to convey by that that we are to build up an imperial empire on the ruins of the republic, but I believe that to make this nation regal and invincible abroad and at home, it is necessary that we wisely combine moral might and physical force, and physical force is just as much the gift of God as moral courage. You see that principle represented here to-night. Driven from the church of their conscience, the school-house barred from their intellect, robbed of their property, libeled in advance, cast in rags on a friendly shore, the Irishmen would have been as rare as the red Indian on the plains if the courage of the Celt and the magnificent military spirit of the race had not preserved it from destruction. (Applause.)

So, therefore, while I drink with deepest earnestness and sincerity the toast of my learned and reverend friend, that in this day, and in New York, what we ask of every Irishman is civic courage and civic virtue, we shall not forget that one of the greatest heritages of our race in the past and important in the future is its military instinct. (Applause.)

From every land, from the Shannon to the Tiber, from the Tiber to the Ganges, and from the Ganges to the Potomac, on every battle-field, from Clonmarth to Fontenoy, from Fontenoy to Waterloo, on every blood-stained battle-field, Irish valor has claimed a share on the pages of universal history. (Applause.) And, backed by moral might, surrounded by a brave and courageous people, inured to the use of arms, not armed for conquest upon any helpless people, not to acquire territory by force of arms, not to bind to the republic which means freedom a people whom we have robbed of their birthright, which we ourselves craved, armed with moral might, panoplied by the justice of our cause and the benevolence of our intentions, reasonably armed as men must be in a militant age, we protest to-night that the United States, so situated, must stand alone in her own individuality, entangled with no foreign alliance. (Applause.)

With a population composed of every race in Europe, with people drawn from every nation in the world, we here in the capital

of the country in its industrial capacity, every nation and every blood represented, we shall maintain a splendid utility for justice and for truth.

And within, what shall we say of the United States? Within the United States, we first of all must have an honest government. I do not care how good the intentions of the government may be, I do not care how well equipped its defenders may be; I do not care for what display it may make; I do not care for any other achievement which may be acquired, but if the government is not honest to the core, a people are being pillaged and the republic is endangered. And the necessity of government, whether it be at Washington or Albany, or New York, is that the government shall be a government by honest men for honest men. (Applause.) There is no virtue in government which is not honest. It may please the people with parades; it may distract them by foreign entanglements; it may make up brilliant imperial policies, but if the government is not honest in its administration and honest in its action and honest in its laws, then, my friends, we ought to be in the breach looking for danger to the republic.

And with an honest government, we must have in the people the primal virtue, and the primal virtues of the people are close to nature. No race has survived, and no nation can survive, the people of which are not willing to fight and to farm. Nations have been made great, and nations will continue to be made great, so long as, first, the primal virtue of industry is present and they are willing to till the soil; and, secondly, to stand in the red gap of war, sword in hand, to defend their homes. (Applause.)

The people of the United States, reared in democratic simplicity, have hitherto been characterized by an honest pursuit of industrial interests. They were a race of farmers; they were close to nature. And when other pursuits were to be acquired, they were willing to sacrifice for them, and they were willing to defend them when acquired, and in peril, and so it must continue to be, if the republic is to survive; and what we want to uphold is honest government, honest men behind honest government, who will deal fairly with us.

It is quite common for the business world to criticise the political world. The business world, which is not subjected to the same lurid light and the same careful criticism, and sometimes unjust criticism, takes to its own road and says, "We are more

righteous and honest than the politician. Now, I want to say, in my experience of public and private life, that on the whole I believe the politicians of the United States are just as honest as the business men. (Applause.)

Nothing arouses my indignation more than to see a successful crooked business man who has escaped with the plunder, growing red in the face about the iniquities of this or that political party in New York. (Applause.) Their moral gorge will not rise when things are done in the business world which, if they were done in the political world, the perpetrators would be in Sing Sing to-night. If you want to uphold the political honor of the United States, gentlemen, you must begin with yourselves. You must begin with the individual man. You must raise the standard of your business. You must put down the get-rich-quick concern. You must crush out the spirit of criminal speculation. You must extract the gambling virus from the hearts of the people. (Applause.) And when you have done that, then the voice of the business world, when it reaches the political world, will have more force and effect than it does to-day. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, the United States is essentially all right. It is composed of good, honest people in the main, and the heart of the United States is all right in its people. And whenever you make a great moral issue of the United States, the people respond miraculously to it. And when any political party wins in the United States, it has to win from this on on a moral issue. (Applause.) There is no party in the United States, thank God, which can succeed or maintain itself by petty political trickery. The people are all right—instinctively right. They may not be able to reason as well metaphysically as the professors in the colleges, but when you put the question to them of the right or wrong of it, they will take the right side every time. (Applause.)

Now this grand republic of ours is going forward to a future so great and so glorious that the pen of man has not yet lined it out. I can see this majestic republic with the sword of might in one hand, might for justice and truth, and the cross in the other hand, not a sectarian cross, but the cross which is the basis of morality, because the basis for faith—and I see this great, majestic republic of America, our august Columbian mother, to whom we come from all the lands of the earth, and happily blend and assimilate here, I see her ascending the rocky heights with this

imperial sword of hers in the one hand and the cross in the other, going up over all the materialism and grossness to a higher and a holier and better civilization, not alone for the United States but for all humanity. (Long-continued applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: The last toast on the program will be responded to by a gentleman who is a resident of Ireland, temporarily in the United States, a gentleman connected with the industrial movement, and who will speak to you on the subject of "Ireland Rejuvenated."

"On nations fixed in right and truth
God would bestow eternal youth."

(Applause.)

It affords me great pleasure to introduce Mr. Patrick J. Hannon.

ADDRESS OF MR. PATRICK J. HANNON.

MR. HANNON: Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick: At this hour of the night, I shall take up very little of your time. Father Fallon at great length explained the difficulty he found himself in when he was asked to address this important meeting of Irish-Americans. Having heard that, you can easily conceive the difficulty in which a poor immigrant found himself when he was asked to come before you this evening and respond to a toast of, "Ireland Rejuvenated." I have been asked to respond to this toast, because I am one of the workers in the newest of Irish movements, a movement which aims at bringing back the industrial spirit to our people and keeping them at home in Ireland.

You have conferred upon me this evening the privilege of responding to a toast which cannot but arouse a feeling of enthusiasm and a spirit of hope in the breasts of all Irishmen. Century after century, generation after generation, and year after year, the rising hope of a newer Ireland, always triumphant, has awakened all that is best in our Irish nature; but, in my opinion, on no previous occasion, on the celebration of the festival of our glorious patron saint, have we been able to contemplate the loftiest conception of "Ireland Rejuvenated" with more far-reaching

confidence than this evening. To-night, indeed, we are enabled to look, more joyously than ever before, along that glowing vista towards a future nationhood, which loses itself in the silver lining of our darkest clouds. (Applause.)

Not merely are we proud to reflect that the Celt is being restored to his inheritance, but more proudly still are we conscious that an era of thought, and the restoration of great national ideals have begun to wield profound influences in Irish national life.

You have extended to me this great act of courtesy of responding to this toast, because I am one of the workers in the newest of Irish movements, a silent but effective awakening of our people, now operating in Ireland in a nation building process, and which many men regard as the most vigorous and comprehensive in which the whole Irish people have been interested for at least a century. I am at the moment in this country the representative of the Irish Industrial Revival.

You gentlemen are but too well aware that the destruction of Irish industries in the eighteenth century, by the British government, was but part of the deliberate policy for the complete annihilation of the Irish race. Lecky tells us that "it was a fundamental axiom that the commercial interests of a dependency should be wholly subordinated to that of the mother country, and to an English mind there was no reason why this should not be rigidly applied to Ireland." Rigidly applied, indeed, it was, but the spirit of its application was animated with every species of hateful tyranny and vindictive aggression, which has always been characteristic of English relations with Ireland. The ruin of Irish industry was in strict harmony with the application of the penal code, of which Edmund Burke has said that it was "a machine of wise and deliberate contrivance, as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." No wonder that at the beginning of the last century, with the almost wholesale extinction of all industrial efforts, and as a result of the awful demoralization to which our people had been subjected, that Bishop Berkeley asked, "whether there were, upon the face of the earth, any Christian people so beggarly, wretched and destitute as the common Irish?"

But even these things did not suffice, and the paternal government, which paid \$15,000,000 in the bribery of an effete aristoc-

racy to sell their people and their country, forthwith took care to deny to rising generations all educational facilities. It was necessary, as a great statesman of the time expressed it, that "to render men patient under such a deprivation of all the rights of human nature, everything which would give them a knowledge of those rights was rationally forbidden."

I don't refer to these saddening features of our past history in order that the genius of melancholy may spread her wings for a moment over this festive board to-night; but rather that you may contemplate, with greater jubilation, the evolution of a new race of Irishmen growing up in Ireland to-day, as full of Irish aspirations and as respondent to Irish ideals, as ever reflected in the whole period of our history, the indomitable spirit of our race. (Applause.)

In the work of the industrial movement, and in the work of the intellectual movement, it is necessary to find a common platform upon which men of all creeds and classes in Ireland may stand without introducing into the propaganda work of these organizations, questions of class or creed or party. We have tried to bring all men together and convince them that there were great national purposes common to all, great national problems to be solved, whose solution would never be complete without the sympathy and co-operation of all Irishmen. In this, the industrial movement has succeeded far beyond the hopes of its founders, and I have had the pleasure many times of meeting Catholics and Protestants, Unionists and Nationalists, who sat down together to deal with the material concerns of the districts in which they lived, and who had never had the opportunity of coming together in friendly intercourse before. In this way, a better understanding has been brought about between many warring elements in Irish life, and in hundreds of districts in Ulster, that province of many sad memories, an era of peace has begun which will have far-reaching effects for the happiness of the people in these localities, and which, we hope in the future, will rarely be disturbed.

In 1889, Mr., now Sir Horace Plunkett, Father Finlay, Mr. R. A. Anderson and a few colleagues undertook an attempt to apply to agricultural production in Ireland, the principle of co-operation, which had proved such an enormous success in the material progress of farming communities all over Europe. In the beginning, there were many difficulties. Mr. Plunkett was a

Unionist, and one of the Ascendancy class, and as such, was naturally regarded with suspicion by the people of the country. There was no industrial tradition, and although Irishmen had combined most successfully in great political movements, it was no easy matter to convince them that the same power of combination would react upon agricultural and industrial development. However, the promoters stood manfully to their programme, and a sufficiently large number of societies had been organized in 1894 to warrant the incorporation of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society. In the ten years which has passed over us, we have succeeded in founding no fewer than 850 societies, with a membership which now exceeds 90,000 farmers, laborers, artisans and girl workers, and these deal, not merely with the improvement of agricultural production and the more efficient organization of agricultural credit, but also with the creation of industrial effort quite apart from agriculture. Not merely have we succeeded in saving the Irish butter industry from extinction and placing it again in the first place in British markets; bringing the poultry and egg industries of our poorer people up to a competitive level with foreign producers; disseminated practical information among our farmers by demonstration and experiment; showed the poorest of our people the advantages of thrift, and the more advantageous application of small sums of money through our agricultural "Banks," or Credit Societies, but we have touched, and successfully, what is, in my opinion, the only practical means of keeping the Irish people in Ireland, namely, by founding and maintaining many kinds of industry as an outlet for the energies of our people. (Applause.) The 420 co-operative creameries, the 215 agricultural banks, the great number of agricultural societies, established for various purposes, do not, I think, re-echo "Ireland Rejuvenated" half so cheerily as the 172 Home Industry societies, which provide employment for numbers of our younger people, who would otherwise have come here to swell the volume of unskilled labor in this great American commonwealth. (Applause.)

The vigorous prosecution of this work in Ireland involves considerable financial expenditure, and in a poor country the amount of material support forthcoming from the people, whom we are endeavoring to help, must necessarily be limited. This will be evident from the fact that 279,000 families have to exist on holdings of less than thirty statute acres each, and 180,000 families

live on holdings of less than five. A small number of public-spirited Irishmen have, up to the present, borne almost the entire cost of the work. Recently many patriotic Irish-Americans, some of whom are here this evening, felt that as this movement was laying the foundation of permanent prosperity, they also would extend to it practical sympathy, and they further believed that if the great mass of our people here only understood what we are struggling to accomplish, they would come to our assistance. Thus it was that the Irish Industrial Society of America came to be founded, and thus it is that "Ireland Rejuvenated" is brought into practical contact with Irish America. (Applause.)

Between the industrial movement and the intellectual movement, as expressed in the virile campaign of the Gaelic League, there are continually mutual support and sympathy. Both taken together stand for a new Ireland, self-respecting, thoughtful, dignified, hopeful, and their combined influences aim at the realization of the loftiest ideals of nationhood. The workers in both these great movements believe that material progress and intellectual progress are the most reliable national weapons in the ultimate accomplishments of national self-government. They believe further that with the growth of these movements, party bitterness and sectarian animosity will disappear in Ireland, and that out of the chaos of the past a condition of things will arise in which Irishmen can stand erect, facing with confidence the judgment of civilization, and declare with Abraham Lincoln, that no community in the world has the right to govern another without that other's consent, and that given certain essentials of economic progress and social development, there is no power under Heaven which may set limits to the destinies of a nation.

Ours is a self-contained and self-reliant Ireland, in which newer generations shall stand with reference to those who have gone before them, as the fathers of this great country stood with reference to the elder races in the Eastern Hemisphere. We, in the words of your own Whitman, cry out:

"Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond
the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers! O, Pioneers!

“All the past we leave behind;
 We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
 Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the
 march,

Pioneers! Oh, Pioneers!”

(Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, the 120th anniversary dinner has now passed into history, and we adjourn with good wishes for America and Ireland.

The proceedings here terminated.

For the superb management of this delightful dinner, for the care of its complex details and the pleasure of a most charming evening, the warmest praise is due to our indefatigable Stewards, Francis C. Travers, Andrew A. McCormick, John O’Sullivan, William N. Penney, Edmond J. Curry, and Edward D. Farrell; to the corresponding secretary, Mr. William Temple Emmet, who had charge of the finances and distinguished guests; and to Vice-Presidents Clarke and Drummond, as well as to our tireless President whose guardian care presided over all with abundant wisdom.

But midnight came on apace, and the glory of the feast came to an end all too quickly amid waving flags and tumults of applause, as with many a friendly greeting and warm good night, the banqueters departed.

From the heroic portrait of St. Patrick, above the President’s chair, garlanded with electric stars encrusted in tawny gold, the uplifted hand of our patron Saint seemed bending down in airy benison to bid a fond farewell to genial hosts and delighted guests.

The assemblage comprised an array of men eminent in all the professions, politics, finance, commerce and every pursuit and business wherein men strive for honor, wealth and renown in Our Imperial City.

“And oh! it were a gallant deed
To show before mankind,
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined—
Might be combined, yet not forget
The fountains whence they rose
As, filled by many a rivulet,
The stately Shannon flows.”

PLACES WHERE THE ANNIVERSARY DINNERS OF
THE SOCIETY HAVE BEEN HELD FROM ITS
ORGANIZATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

- 1784 Cape's Tavern. (Now No. 115 Broadway.)
1785 The Coffee House. (Mr. Bradford's, in Water Street,
near Wall Street.)
1786 The Coffee House.
1787 The Coffee House.
1788 Merchants' Coffee House. (S. E. Cor. Wall and Water
Streets.)
1789
to The City Tavern. (No. 115 Broadway.)
1794
1795
to The Tontine Coffee House. (N. W. Cor. Wall and Water
1803 Street.)
1804 The Old Coffee House. (In Water Street, near Wall
Street.)
1805 The Tontine Coffee House.
1806 The Tontine Coffee House.
1807 Phoenix Coffee House. (Wall Street.)
1808 Mechanics' Hall. (N. W. Cor. Broadway and Park Place.
1809
to The Tontine Coffee House.
1815
1816 Washington Hall. (Now 280 Broadway.)
1817 The Tontine Coffee House.
1818
to The Bank Coffee House. (S. E. Cor. Pine and William
1832 Streets.)

- 1833 The City Hotel. (No. 115 Broadway.)
- 1834 The City Hotel.
- 1835 The City Hotel.
- 1836 Washington Hotel. (No. 1 Broadway.)
- 1837 Washington Hotel.
- 1838 Carlton House. (N. E. Corner Broadway and Leonard
Streets.)
- 1839 City Hotel.
- 1840 Niblo's Tavern. (Broadway and Prince Street.)
- 1841
- TO City Hotel.
- 1846
- 1847
- AND No dinners—Irish famine years.
- 1848
- 1849 City Hotel.
- 1850 Delmonico's Hotel. (William Street.)
- 1851
- TO Astor House.
- 1856
- 1857
- TO Metropolitan Hotel.
- 1862
- 1863 Delmonico's. (Broadway and Chambers Street.)
- 1864
- TO Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
- 1868
- 1869 St. James Hotel.
- 1870 St. James Hotel.
- 1871 Hoffman House.
- 1872 Hotel Brunswick.
- 1873 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
- 1874 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
- 1875 Hoffman House.

- 1876 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
- 1877 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street)
- 1878 Metropolitan Hotel.
- 1879 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
- 1880 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
- 1881 Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
- 1882 Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
- 1883 Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
- 1884 Hôtel Brunswick.
- 1885
- to Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
- 1895
- 1896 Hotel Savoy
- 1897 Waldorf.
- 1898 Waldorf-Astoria.
- 1899
- to Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 44th Street.)
- 1904

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE PRESIDENTS, TREASURERS AND SECRETARIES OF THE SOCIETY
FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO DATE.

1784-1788

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1797-1804

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
WILLIAM HILL, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1789-1790

WILLIAM CONSTABLE, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1805

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
JOHN CALDWELL, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1791

ALEXANDER MACOMB, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1806

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
JOHN CALDWELL, *Treasurer*
CHRISTOPHER PRINCE, *Secretary*

1792

THOMAS ROACH, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1807-1808

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
JOHN CALDWELL, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1793-1794

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1809-1810

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
WILLIAM BRYAR, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1795

WILLIAM CONSTABLE, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1811

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
JOHN CHAMBERS, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1796

GEORGE POLLOCK, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1812-1814

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
JOHN CHAMBERS, *Treasurer*
NATHAN McVICKAR, *Secretary*

1815-1816

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 JOHN WOODWARD, *Treasurer*
 NATHAN McVICKAR, *Secretary*

1831

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 JOHN WILSON, *Treasurer*
 DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1817-1820

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 JAMES MAGEE, *Treasurer*
 J. MONTGOMERY, *Secretary*

1832

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 JOHN MOORHEAD, *Treasurer*
 DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1821-1824

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 MICHAEL MULDOON, *Treasurer*
 HARRIS BLOOD, *Secretary*

1833

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 JOHN MOORHEAD, *Treasurer*
 GEORGE S. CORBITT, *Secretary*

1825

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 MICHAEL MULDOON, *Treasurer*
 A. CHARTERS, *Secretary*

1834

JAMES McBRIDE, *President*
 GEORGE S. CORBITT, *Treasurer*
 DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1826

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
 A. CHARTERS, *Secretary*

1835-1836

CAMPBELL P. WHITE, *President*
 SAMUEL OSBORNE, *Treasurer*
 DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1827

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
 JOSEPH ALEXANDER, *Secretary*

1837

CAMPBELL P. WHITE, *President*
 SAMUEL OSBORNE, *Treasurer*
 ROBERT J. DILLON, *Secretary*

1828

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
 JOSEPH ALEXANDER, *Secretary*

1838

CAMPBELL P. WHITE, *President*
 ARTHUR STEWART, *Treasurer*
 DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1829

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
 THOMAS CLEARY, *Secretary*

1839-1840

DR. ROBERT HOGAN, *President*
 ARTHUR STEWART, *Treasurer*
 WILLIAM ARNOLD, *Secretary*

1830

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 JOHN WILSON, *Treasurer*
 R. A. FITZGERALD, *Secretary*

1841

DR. ROBERT HOGAN, *President*
 ARTHUR STEWART, *Treasurer*
 M. O. BARRY, *Secretary*

1842

DR. ROBERT HOGAN, *President*
 CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
 M. O. BARRY, *Secretary*

1860-1862

CHARLES P. DALY, *President*
 CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
 THOMAS BARBOUR, *Secretary*

1843-1844

JAMES REYBURN, *President*
 CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
 CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1863

JAMES T. BRADY, *President*
 CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
 THOMAS BARBOUR, *Secretary*

1845-1848

JAMES REYBURN, *President*
 CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
 WM. G. FITZGERALD, *Secretary*

1864

JAMES T. BRADY, *President*
 CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
 A. O'DONNELL, *Secretary*

1849-1850

JAMES REYBURN, *President*
 CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
 CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1865

RICHARD BELL, *President*
 HENRY L. HOGUET, *Treasurer*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Secretary*

1851-1852

RICHARD BELL, *President*
 CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
 CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1866

JOSEPH STUART, *President*
 HENRY L. HOGUET, *Treasurer*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Secretary*

1853

JOSEPH STUART, *President*
 CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
 CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1867

HENRY L. HOGUET, *President*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
 JAMES REID, *Secretary*

1854-1856

JOSEPH STUART, *President*
 CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
 RICHARD O'GORMAN, *Secretary*

1868

JOHN R. BRADY, *President*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
 JAMES REID, *Secretary*

1857-1858

SAMUEL SLOAN, *President*
 CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
 WALTER MAGEE, *Secretary*

1869

EUGENE KELLY, *President*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
 EDWARD BOYLE, *Secretary*

1859

RICHARD O'GORMAN, *President*
 CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
 WALTER MAGEE, *Secretary*

1870

CHARLES P. DALY, *President*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
 EDWARD BOYLE, *Secretary*

1871	1885-1886
JOHN R. BRADY, <i>President</i>	JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE, <i>President</i>
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, <i>Treasurer</i>	EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>
ROBERT J. HOGUET, <i>Secretary</i>	FRANCIS HIGGINS, <i>Secretary</i>
1872-1874	1887
JOHN R. BRADY, <i>President</i>	JAMES R. CUMING, <i>President</i>
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, <i>Treasurer</i>	EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>
S. O. A. MURPHY, <i>Secretary</i>	HENRY McCLOSKEY, <i>Secretary</i>
1875	1888-1889
THOMAS BARBOUR, <i>President</i>	JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE, <i>President</i>
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, <i>Treasurer</i>	EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>
S. O. A. MURPHY, <i>Secretary</i>	HENRY McCLOSKEY, <i>Secretary</i>
1876	1890-1891
THOMAS BARBOUR, <i>President</i>	DAVID McCLURE, <i>President</i>
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, <i>Treasurer</i>	EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>
EUGENE B. MURTHA, <i>Secretary</i>	HENRY McCLOSKEY, <i>Secretary</i>
1877	1892
HUGH J. HASTINGS, <i>President</i>	JOHN D. CRIMMINS, <i>President</i>
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, <i>Treasurer</i>	EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>
EUGENE B. MURTHA, <i>Secretary</i>	EUGENE DURNIN, <i>Secretary</i>
1878-1880	1893-1894
CHARLES P. DALY, <i>President</i>	JOHN D. CRIMMINS, <i>President</i>
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, <i>Treasurer</i>	EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>
EUGENE B. MURTHA, <i>Secretary</i>	BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN, <i>Secretary</i>
1881-1882	1895-1896
CHARLES P. DALY, <i>President</i>	JAMES S. COLEMAN, <i>President</i>
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, <i>Treasurer</i>	JOHN D. CRIMMINS, <i>Treasurer</i>
J. McK. MCCARTHY, <i>Secretary</i>	BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN, <i>Recording Secretary</i>
1883	1897-1899
CHARLES P. DALY, <i>President</i>	EDWARD J. MCGUIRE, <i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>	
JOHN McK. MCCARTHY, <i>Secretary</i>	
1884	
CHARLES P. DALY, <i>President</i>	MORGAN J. O'BRIEN, <i>President</i>
EUGENE KELLY, <i>Treasurer</i>	JOHN D. CRIMMINS, <i>Treasurer</i>
JOHN SAVAGE, <i>Secretary</i>	BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN, <i>Recording Secretary</i>
	EDWARD J. MCGUIRE, <i>Corresponding Secretary</i>

1900-1902

JAMES A. O'GORMAN, *President*JOHN D. CRIMMINS, *Treasurer*

BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN,

*Recording Secretary*JOHN J. ROONEY, *Cor. Sec'y*

1903-1904

JAMES FITZGERALD, *President*JOHN D. CRIMMINS, *Treasurer*

JOHN J. LENEHAN,

Recording Secretary

WILLIAM TEMPLE EMMET,

Corresponding Secretary

INDEX.

	PAGE
Officers and Committees.....	3
Guests.....	7-15
Toasts.....	16
Menu.....	17
Musical Program.....	18
President's Address.....	19
Rev. M. F. Fallon's Response.....	23
Hon. George B. McClellan's Response.....	31
Hon. Edward B. Carmack's Response.....	34
Hon. Samuel Sloan's Response.....	37
Rev. Dr. Rainsford's Response.....	38
Hon. William McAdoo's Response.....	43
Mr. Patrick J. Hannon's Response.....	50
Places of Dinners, 1784-1904.....	57
Officers since 1784.....	60

